

# THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

By F. A. TYLER.

Devoted to News, Politics, Scientific, Commercial, Agricultural and Miscellaneous Information.

\$3 in Advance.

"Power is never conferred but for the sake of the public good."

VOLUME 1.

PONOLA, PONOLA COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

NUMBER 35.

## THE REGISTER.

Printed and published every SATURDAY at THREE DOLLARS in advance. Subscribers who do not pay in advance, will invariably be charged for dollars.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less,) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements which exceed ten lines, charged ten cents per line for the first, and five cents for each insertion afterwards.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payment always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered till paid for.

Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early as our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery. Postage must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

## 1,500,000 OF SANDERS' SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS

have been sold comprising:

Sanders' Primary School Primer, 48 p.  
Do School Reader, 1st Book, 120 p.  
Do do 2d Book, 150 p.  
Do do 3d Book, 250 p.  
Do do 4th Book, 304 p.  
Do Spelling Book, 168 p.

Metrical Stories in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, 144 p., by Charles W. Sanders.

The young choir, 144 p., by Wm. B. Bradbury and C. W. Sanders.

The School Singer, or Young Choir's Companion, 204 p., by Wm. B. Bradbury and C. W. Sanders.

This Series contains a full and complete set of Spelling and Reading Books, adapted to all classes, from the abecedarian to the most advanced classes in our Schools and Academies. They have been recommended by the principal Deputy Superintendents and Teachers' Associations in the State of New York, and generally adopted. Within a few months have been introduced into the Schools of Maysville, Newport, Covington, Lexington, Louisville, &c., Ky.; New Albany, Madison, Rising Sun, Indiana; Oxford, Hamilton, Middletown, Springfield, Xenia, Dayton, Lancaster, etc., Ohio; the public and the principal Select and Academical Schools of Cincinnati.

Such has been the demand for these Books, that, although recently published, more than 1,500,000 copies have already been disposed of.

From the numerous commendatory notices of these Books which have received we select the following from the distinguished instructor F. G. Carey, A. M., Principal of Pleasant Hill Academy:

Another new series of School Readers! Truly, of making of Books there is no end. When I received the series of School Readers by Sanders, my impression was, that there was no demand for any further addition to the many already in use. And under this impression I took up this series, and, after a critical examination, I am constrained to say that it was entirely removed. I unhesitatingly give this series of books my decided preference, and as the best evidence of my regard, have introduced it, together with Sanders' Speller, into my institution.

Some of the points among the many that might be mentioned that proffer its claims to superiority are: 1. It is more regularly progressive in its character, and, consequently better adapted to the mind in its various stages of advancement—an element of the first importance in a series of school books. 2. The contents, embracing selections of a high literary character, and decided moral tendency, from a great variety of authors, principally American, are more deeply interesting to the young than those of most readers. 3. The lessons on the elementary principles of our language and the few plain rules and exercises for reading correctly as well as rhetorically, prefixed to the 4th Reader, are of great utility.

The Speller is in no respect inferior to the Readers, and upon the whole I would recommend this as the best series among the many that has come under my review.

F. G. CAREY.

Pleasant Hill, July 21, 1843.

We have on hand a complete assortment of School and Classical Books, which we offer at wholesale for cash at the lowest New York rates adding, in some cases, the cost of transportation.

Country merchants are invited to call before purchasing.

WM. H. MOORE & Co.

Sanders' School Book Publishers,  
110 Main st. Gazette Building.  
Oct. 21, 1843.

Job work of all kinds done at this Office.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Jews.

The present physical, moral, and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued from the commencement of the Christian Era down to the present time, in some such national state in which we find the Chinese—walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs—we should not see so much miracle interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state—far from it. They are neither an united nor independent nation, nor yet a parasitic province. They are peeled and scattered into fragments, but like broken globules of quicksilver, indistinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, are ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics and foreign help do not explain their existence. Time, and climate, and customs equally fail to unravel it. None of these are, or can be, springs of their perpetuity. They have spread over every part of the habitable globe—have lived under the reign of every dynasty; they have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Dauphine have chilled, and the suns of Africa scorched them. They have drank of the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan and the Mississippi. In every country, and in every degree of latitude and longitude we find a Jew.

It is not so with any other men. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried men who constructed them; but the Jews have lived among the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility! Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the fagot—Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smitten them with unsparring ferocity; penal rescisps and deep rooted prejudice have visited on them with the most ungenerous delugement—and notwithstanding all they survive.

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of scripture—let off coronets—princes in degradation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian a Roman, are names known to history only; their shadows alone haunt the world and flicker its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited the heirloom of immortality, incapable of extinction, or amalgamation. Like streams from a common head, and composed of water of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream without blending with it, or receiving its flavor, and traversed the surface of the globe amid the lapse of many centuries, distinct—alone. The Jewish race at this day is, perhaps, the most striking seal of the truth of the sacred oracles. There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual isolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any ground save those revealed in the records of truth.—[Fraser's Magazine.]

### Bottomless Lakes.

Near the summit of a mountain in Portugal, in the province of Beira, is situated the lake Esura, the waters of which are of a dark greenish hue. Although no fish have ever been seen in this lake, yet frequently, fragments of ships, such as broken masts, spars, &c. have been found floating on it, though inland, as is its position. This circumstance has very naturally led to the belief, that it communicates with the ocean by some subterranean passage; a belief which has been still further strengthened from the fact, that the face of the lake becomes either rough or smooth as the ocean is found to be agitated or calm; and also, that during stormy weather, it produces a rumbling noise, which may be heard at the distance of six or eight miles. It is a notorious fact, that to the present day, though frequently tried by the curious, its bottom has not been discovered. At a short distance from Rosinere, in Switzerland, a remarkable spring is known to arise from the centre of a natural basin, of more than thirteen square feet

feet in its area. Of the power which operates on it, we may form some conception, when it is known to force, with much violence, a column of water, of eighteen feet circular, far above its surface. Although tried by the most ingenious and persevering virtuoso in natural philosophy, its depth has not been yet ascertained; thus leaving to conjecture, the only plausible conclusion, that this spring is the outlet of some accumulating subterranean lake, which has no other issue for its waters.

From the National Intelligencer, we learn that a Dr. Sewell has written an account of his travels in Europe. In Florence, he examined the "anatomical cabinet of models in wax, the largest and most perfect in the world, exhibiting every organ and tissue of the human body, in its natural state;" and also, "the petrifications of the lamented Sagato." "That you may the better understand the subject," says the Doctor, "I must here give you a few words concerning the history of Sagato. He was an ingenious Italian, who a few years ago, discovered a process by which the human body could be converted into stone in about two weeks time, each part still retaining its natural structure, organization and color. I saw the leaf of a centre table, which was composed of the different tissues and organs of the human body, which Sagato had petrified, arranged in the form of Mosaic form, the whole of which admitted of a fine polish. I recognized several parts of the body by the color and form which entered into the composition of this table. I examined also, serpents, fishes, and several separate parts of the human body, thus preserved. The importance of this discovery was seen and appreciated by the medical profession; but while the government had the subject of rewarding Sagato and of purchasing his secret under consideration, he became impatient and dissatisfied with so slow a movement, and was taken sick with a fever. While in a state of delirium, he threw all the papers which contained an account of the process in the fire. Just before he expired, he came to himself, regretted the loss of his papers, and made an effort to communicate the secret, but was too feeble to do so; and thus was lost this important discovery, about four years since. In less than three weeks after Sagato's death, proposals were received from three different sources, the acceptance of either of which would have made him independent for life. Various efforts have been made to recover the secret, and a young physician of Italy has discovered the method of petrifying bodies, but not of retaining the natural color."

MAIL ROBBERY.—We learn from the Pittsburgh Age, that on the 6th instant he mail bags between Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Ohio, were stolen. On Monday evening two stage drivers, named Walter Mead and John Gensler, were committed to prison for further hearing, and on Tuesday fully committed for trial at the next term of the United States Court, on the oath of Robert M. Riddle, Esq., the city Postmaster. On Tuesday afternoon, another driver, John Andrews was also committed for further hearing by Judge Irwin of the U. S. Court.

OF DUELS.—Of these little delicate matters of honor, the N. O. Tropic of Wednesday, says:

"The day is gone by when a man could strut about town with a certain notoriety, and be gazed on as the lion of the day, because he had been engaged in an 'affair of honor,' as it is called in conventional parlance. These matters are becoming supremely ridiculous, and so they are considered by all right thinking men."

N. Y. CUSTOM HOUSE.—The receipts from customs, says the N. Y. Express, in this city, for the quarter ending the 30th ult., amounts to \$4,480,000. This sum bears its usual proportion to the whole amount received at the other ports, and by some, therefore, it is estimated that the total amount for the quarter will not be less than seven and a half millions."

"Father, should we love our enemies?" "Certainly my child; the good book tells us to do so," replied the father. "Then, father, that must be the reason why you love rum so well."

### Female Labor—Shirt Making.

The wages of females in England are reduced to a very low ebb, scarcely supplying coarse food to the operative. The shirt making establishment of Silver & Co., in London, employ 3000 females, at very low rates. The amount of the poor taxes, induced some societies called benevolent, to bestow employment in sewing, upon the poor in the work-houses, as a matter of relief.—Upon this, Silver & Co. came out with a statement of the prices allowed by them for shirt making, from which the following is an extract:

Having determined never to employ work houses or any other establishments that were provided for by the public—solely, as they state, because they would not poach upon the manor of the poor seamstresses—they were constrained to reduce the prices they were then paying, and the profits they were then obtaining to meet the evil; and they declare that the prices which they now pay for shirt-making are, for

Striped cotton shirts	5 d	10 or 20 cts. per dozen!
Printed full fronts	2 6	or 60 do
Common white do	5 0	or 120 do
Better do	10 0	or 240 do

In February, 1840, they felt it their duty to themselves and to the public, to call the attention of the Board of Guardians of the City of London Union to the "monstrously low prices" which that board was paying to the poor over whom it presided, stating that in one of its workhouses all the female paupers were employed in shirt-making, and were receiving not more than one penny for making three common shirts.

Besides this, it was stated that shirts of the poorer quality, were made at the establishments for 1-3-4 cents a piece, and in the workhouses they make three shirts for 2 cents! How women can support themselves at these prices, we cannot conceive.—[Cin. Gaz.]

### Cousining.

A country gentleman recently arrived at Boston and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city.—The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make his house his home, (as he declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two.) The husband of the lady, anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover-street.—Finally, his visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after an elapse of eleven days, found, beside lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly, he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him when the gentleman took the horse he would pay the bill.

"Fery good," said the stable keeper; "I understand you." Accordingly, in a short time the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill was of course presented.

"Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. —, my relation will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please to get an order from Mr. —; it will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant; "well good by!"

"Well, about my horse; the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."

"Ye—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, BUT YOUR HORSE IS NOT!"

### A Bride-Groom in a Pickle.

On Sunday night it was whispered about that a wedding was to take place in the upper part of the city, and, according to a time-honored custom, the great uninvited assembled in goodly numbers in front of the house, and commenced a serenade with tin pans, kettles, and cow bells, with vocal accompaniments that were truly terrific. Just as the serenade began to be interesting, and the wedding party in the house began to think seriously of taking some desperate step to bring the 'overture' to a close, a lady with a basket on her arm marched into the middle of the musicians, and commanded them to stop their

clatter. Surprised at this sudden interruption, they ceased, and the lady said—

"Boys, you're serenading Jim G—and Fanny R—, where are getting married in that house, are you?"

"Yes, marm," answered the first cow bell.

"And they won't bring you out no cake?"

"Not yit but I reckon we'll get it out on 'em arter a while."

"Patience and perseverance," said the tin pan.

"No you won't," said the lady; "deuce the crumb; I know 'em. But follow me an injured woman—in the house, and you shall have it all."

The proposition was received, with a simultaneous shout and clash of instruments that sent an electric shock to the very suburbs; and the boys, now that their feelings had been aroused, said they'd do any thing—for the cake. And with no more words, the lady led the way to the door, and knocked with a lustiness unbecoming her sex. The door was opened by a servant girl, and the gang followed their fair conductress into the parlor! If the wedding party were astonished at this singular spectacle, the ragged serenaders were equally so, when the light revealed in the countenance of the injured lady, whose cause they so disinterestedly espoused, that of a negro wench, as black as the ace of spades! She confronted the bridegroom—a tall, pale young man—and said,

"Ain't you ashamed! Look here!"—Uncovering the basket, she exposed the smiling face of a little copper colored child!

The company stood aghast; the bridegroom trembled—and the bride a fiery red-haired girl of thirty-five cried—"Good God!" and tried to faint, but couldn't. The baby began to squall, and the ragged serenaders, who had been watching the ugly faces that the bridegroom made while endeavoring to squeeze in a word of explanation began to laugh; this raised his ire, and making one spring he gained the door, and has not since been heard of.

The serenaders got the cake; and all parties were thankful that matters were no worse. Truth is stranger than fiction.—[Cin. Message.]

A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenburg thus:

"Mr. —, you say that we are to follow the same business in Heaven that we do in this world, hey?"

"Yes, that is a perfect accordance with reason: for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?"

"Well, then, your honor, tell me, do people die there?"

"Certainly not; they are as immortal as the Creator himself."

"Then I should like to know, your honor, what they'll find for me to do; for I am a grave digger in this world." It is hardly necessary to add that the reverend gentleman was completely nonplussed, and left Pat without giving the required information.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—A grave stone has recently been erected in the Carisbrook churchyard to the memory of Mr. Charles Dixon, of Newport, Rhode Island, smith farrier. The following epitaph has been inscribed thereon:

"My sledge and hammer lie reclined  
My bellows they have lost their wind;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
My vice low in the dust is laid,  
My coals are spent, my iron gone,  
My last nail's drove, my work is done."

A LOVE AFFAIR.—Last week, a young woman of this city, says a N. Y. paper, not finding her swain, who is a son of Crispin, quite so true as she could wish, in a fit of desperation jumped into a pool of dirty water, about three feet deep; and, when in this predicament, screamed out, for assistance, when an Irishman came to her, and pulling her out, exclaimed—

"And shure why did you not jump in clane wather, and not in the dirty wather, to have your clothes to wash over agin!"

An old lady, reading the account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the father of the Philadelphia bar, exclaimed, "Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children."

A NEW PLAN.—In a village down east, a bankrupt was imprisoned because he couldn't pay his debts. It was customary with a certain clergyman to visit the prisoners once a week and give them advice and instruction. It so happened that the day after the debtor was imprisoned, the clergyman visited the jail, and his attention was arrested by the vociferous language of some person in an adjoining cell, venting the most horrid imprecations and blasphemies. The good man instantly hurried to the scene of confusion, where he beheld an individual standing on an old stool in a corner, ripping and swearing wholesale oaths at the walls, gates, floor and door of the jail, his fellow prisoners and every thing farround him. The minister approached the debtor, and said to him:

"Friend, it is very wrong to swear as you do! why will you do it?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I've understood a man might swear out of jail in thirty days, and I want to see if I can't do it in fifteen. At any rate I'm going to set up all night, and do my d—est."

Why is a painter like an odd fellow? Because he makes signs.

—We saw a man a few days ago with a gin bottle under his arm, who reminded us of mount Vesuvius—a long nine supplying smoke, and tobacco spittle running down like lava. Our opinion is that he was too near the crater to be safe.—lb.

A GOOD MATCH.—"How has your daughter married, Mrs. Simpkins?" "Pretty well, I hope?"

"Very well, I thank you, Mrs. Tompkins. Her husband wears ruffles on his shirt, a long tailed coat, leads the singers at church, and expects to be made a captain of militia."

A crack-brained fellow, who was slighted by the fair sex, once asked a lady if she would consent to his spending the evening with her,

"No," she angrily replied, "that I won't."

"Why, you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some other evening, when I couldn't go any where else!"

A GOOD IDEA.—The cab drivers in England have a little white flag which shuts down by a hinge. When unengaged, this flag is hoisted, and any one may apply; when down, they are engaged, and none need do so. This saves questions, and gets many a shilling on a return route.

"Pat, you are a scoundrel!" said Bill to an Irishman.

"Bill you are a good fellow, and we are both liars," was the quick reply.

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text—"And let there be abundance of peace while the moon endureth."

Many of the greatest men have sprung from humble origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars highest in the air. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulants to mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune the best security for her final smiles.

An old woman met a man with a cradle. "Oh, sir," said she, "behold the fruits of matrimony."

"Softly, softly," was the answer, "this is only the fruit basket."

If there is a man who may eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cinkered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

It is said that in Paris they wear false noses, made of pasteboard, and attached to specs.

DREAMS.—If you dream you are rich, it is a sure sign you were poor when you went to bed.

If you dream you see stars, it is most likely you slept in the street all night.

If you dream you are dry, and no water to be found, it is probable you were drunk when you went to bed.

If you dream you are free from cares, troubles and annoyances of every kind, it is certain you are not a Tyler editor.